



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

so terrible a nature, that it seemed fraught with tremendous consequences. The bare idea of apostasy was invested with such apprehensions, that the first doubt was distrusted as a temptation from the evil one. When the doubt became fixed and immovable, it was regarded as an awful secret, a dread and terrible mystery, to disclose which might conjure up the foul fiend himself from hell.

It was upon an evening in June, as the summer sun was setting in a flood of light behind the hills, and Edith and Adeline were returning homewards after a protracted walk in the adjoining demesne of Admiral Taylor, they sat down to rest on a portion of the old abbey walls. The sisters were repeating some particulars of their conversation with Emily Taylor, their companion in their walk—a wild, giddy girl—who had, perhaps inadvertently, asked them “Had they ever read the Bible?”

“I wonder (said Adeline) what put it into Emily’s head to ask such a question?”

“I am sure I cannot tell (replied Edith), but I observed that you, Adeline, avoided the question, and gave her no answer.”

“Then, Edith, I think you were equally slow in giving an answer yourself.”

Edith and Adeline were mutually silent for some minutes, until Edith said, in a half confidential but decided manner—“The fact, Adeline, is, I have been for some time reading a Bible, and the more I read it the more inclined and resolved I am to read it through, and examine whether what I hear be in accordance with the Bible or not. St. Paul himself praised the Bereans because they searched the Scriptures from day to day, to see whether what he taught was according to them or not; and if an apostle was not offended at his teaching being examined in that way, I fancy that nobody else has a right to complain if theirs be examined.”

“I confess,” said Adeline, “I have been looking into a Bible myself. It was given to me by Jane Stewart. I met with such a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, and the text so struck me, that I wondered could it be in any Bible but the Protestant Bible; I scarcely believed that it could: so I asked mamma to lend me the large pictorial Bible out of the book-case, and I compared the passages, and, do you know, they are word for word—the same in both—and I can never get it out of my mind why the priests dislike our reading the Bible so much.”

“Well, then, Adeline, as you have been reading the Bible as well as I, I will tell you why, I think, the priests make so much work about letting us see the Bible, and why they say so little about the Bible themselves. I suspect, indeed I am quite sure, there are many things which they tell us that cannot be reconciled with the Bible, and that is just the reason why they forbid it to be read without their authority. For my part, let them say what they please, I will read this Bible, and see how these matters stand; and more than that, I will ask Mr. O’Reilly, the first time I see him, in what part of the Bible we are told to pray to the Virgin Mary, or to saints or angels, for it appears to me to be most expressly forbidden to worship any being but God himself, and prayer is an act of worship the most decided we can well offer.”

“But, dearest Edith, take care that he does not find out that we have been reading the Protestant Bible, and bring papa’s anger down upon us.”

“Oh, as to that, as you and I have kept our secret so long and so well from each other, there is no fear but we can keep it from Mr. O’Reilly.”

The sisters returned home more thoughtful than usual, but each relieved of a great load, that oppressed her mind, while charged with a secret which she dared not communicate to the other. The tie of mutual confidence was once more restored, and more strongly confirmed than ever, cemented by a new bond of sympathy. Thenceforth they communicated to each other, from day to day, the subject of their thoughts and the result of their inquiries, and found more and more to be dissatisfied with their earlier instruction. They soon discovered that the grand fundamental doctrine of the New Testament was justification by faith, in the finished work of Jesus Christ, and that the seeking the assistance of saints and angels, and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was both unscriptural and dishonouring to God himself.

Some weeks after this, Father Paul O’Reilly was a guest at Hollywood, upon a Sunday, as usual, and Edith determined to get near him at the dinner table; and when she found him in the height of good humour, after partaking plentifully of the good things provided, and her father deep in argument with his son-in-law, Mr. Waring, she said—“Sure, sir, we are not required by our Church to pray to saints or angels; are we?”

Now, Father O’Reilly would rather talk of anything in the world than divinity, especially controversial divinity, and most particularly after dinner. It spoiled his digestion, and disturbed that peaceful serenity which he said Providence had provided as a concomitant on a comfortable dinner. He would talk for ever on the quality and body of the Major’s port, and the flavour of his grapes and melons, or the chit-chat of the neighbourhood; but anything bordering upon controversy he detested, and considered a most decided bore. But, constrained, in courtesy, to answer Edith’s point-blank

question, he said—“What makes you ask such a question as that, my dear?”

“Why, sir,” said Edith, “it has occurred to me very often that it is a very questionable thing to do, and I wish to know exactly whether it is commanded by the Church or not.”

“Well, my dear, it is not exactly commanded by the Church, but it is commended. The Church is a kind and gentle mother, and does not constrain the faithful on such matters. But you know the blessed saints in glory, around the throne of God, and especially the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God, must have more influence with him, and are purer and more bold to approach him than any sinful creature like you or me can be; and, therefore, it is well to have their intercession with Jesus to make him favourable to us, and it is only for this that we are to pray to them.”

“But surely, sir, Jesus himself has told us whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; and if that be so, why need we go to the saints, instead of to the Saviour direct?”

Father Paul replied, rather impatiently, “That it was quite unnecessary to argue the question, as the Church did not command it, but only recommended it.”

And after giving this very unsatisfactory solution of the difficulty, he seized upon a passing observation of the Major to escape from divinity to the more congenial topic of boat racing, then on the *tapis*; the gentlemen discussing a match gotten up under the auspices of Admiral Taylor, Major Marley, and some neighbouring gentlemen, to come off early in the ensuing month.

However, Edith and Adeline were not so easily satisfied as to rest content with Father O’Reilly’s explanation. It struck them that it amounted to an admission of connivance and express recommendation of idolatry and creature-worship by those who are so ignorant or superstitious as to practice it, leaving the Church a convenient loop-hole of escape from the charge of error, when confronted with the light of common sense and the plain texts of Scripture.

This set them more and more upon inquiry and diligent examination of the Word of God: with what results we shall state on a future opportunity.

#### THE TALK OF THE ROAD.—NO. XIV.

“Well, Pat, how is it with you now?” said Jem, when they met next on the road.

“I don’t know, Jem,” said Pat, “I’m down entirely.”

“And what are you down for at all,” said Jem, “has Father John been at you again?”

“No, Jem, it’s not that,” said Pat, “it’s worse entirely.”

“And what’s the matter at all?” said Jem.

“Why it’s afraid I am that the Bible’s setting me astray after all,” said Pat.

“And what’s the matter at all with the Bible?” said Jem.

“Why it’s troubling my mind in me,” says Pat. “Sure before I read the Bible, my mind was uneasy enough, not knowing nothing at all; and didn’t I think when I’d know the Bible, I’d have no trouble at all; and now my mind is more troubled in me nor ever, and I can’t get it quiet at all.”

“And what is it that’s troubling it at all?” said Jem.

“Why, then, its showing me how wicked I am,” said Pat; “and it’s showing me how good I ought to be, and how I ought to love God entirely, and do everything in life for the love of God; and, then, it’s so hard to love God entirely, and it seems as if my heart couldn’t love him at all; and it’s telling me to love my enemies, and Father John itself, and it’s so hard to do that any way. But it’s the badness of my heart entirely that the Bible’s showing me, and what will become of me at all if it’s so bad? And, then, evermore it’s coming into my mind that the Bible is setting me astray.”

“Well, Pat,” says Jem, “sure you’re not that bad; sure you’re not worse nor another; sure all the neighbours calls you a decent, quiet, civil boy, and sure you’re taken to reading the Bible.”

“Well, but it isn’t what the neighbours says of me,” said Pat; “what does that signify? Isn’t it what God says of me, when he looks just straight into my heart? It’s that that signifies; and don’t I feel entirely that I’m a sinner, and nothing but a sinner? And doesn’t the Bible itself say—‘The soul that sinneth, the same shall die’—Ezekiel xlviii. 4. And isn’t that me? And doesn’t it say—‘The wicked shall be turned into hell;’ and don’t the Bible show me that I’m wicked, and what will I do at all, at all?”

“Well, Pat,” said Jem, “if the Bible isn’t agreeing with you, maybe if you just put it away for awhile, you could come back on it again where it wouldn’t trouble you so much.”

“No, Jem,” said Pat, “I can’t do that at all. It’s taken hold of me, and I can’t get shut of it at all; and I wouldn’t neither, Jem, for all it’s done to me: what would I take to at all? Is it the scapular, or the like of that I’d take to? Or would I take to Father John and his cursing? And sure I can’t do without something now. And what can I take to only the Bible? And I’ll stick to that, if it kills me; sure I know nothing else can do me any good.”

“Well, Pat,” said Jem, “I’m sure the Bible’s good too;

but why would it trouble you that way, when it doesn’t set me astray?”

“And isn’t it as bad for you as for me, Jem,” said Pat, “doesn’t it make us all out to be as bad as other? Doesn’t it say, that ‘They are all under sin,’ and that every mouth is stopped (Rom. iii. 2, 19), and what will we do if not one of us at all can have one word to say at the great judgment of God?”

“Well, Pat,” said Jem, “I didn’t think of it rightly before, and I don’t know what we’ll say at all; only this, if we’re all that bad, and all sinners entirely, doesn’t God mean to save some of us anyway, by Jesus Christ? Sure your not going to say, that there won’t be none at all saved by Jesus Christ? and if we’re all sinners, sure some of us sinners will be saved by Christ.”

“Well, Jem,” said Pat, “that’s the only thing that stands to me at all; but, somehow, I don’t see how that can be, and that’s just what I want to come at.”

“I’ll tell you how we’ll get it,” said Jem, “won’t we just go down to Mr. Owens, and ask him?”

“Well, I’ll try that any way,” said Pat, “for if any one can show it to us, he will.”

So off they went to Mr. Owens. And when they got into his study, he asked them was there anything they wanted to talk about. So Pat let it all out then, and, said he, “your reverence, the Bible’s setting me astray entirely.”

And how is that,” said Mr. Owens.

“Why, your reverence,” said Pat, “It’s telling me that I’m a sinner entirely, and that all sinners will be turned into hell, and what will I do at all?”

“Well, that’s all right so far,” said Mr. Owens, “if the Bible didn’t tell you that, it would do you no good at all.”

“And how’s that, your reverence?” said Pat, for he thought it mighty odd.

“Did you know Jemmy Gougerty?” said Mr. Owens.

“Aye, did I,” said Pat, “didn’t he die in the fever that came after the praties failed?”

“And what about him?” said Mr. Owens.

“Why, he just went raging mad with the fever,” said Pat, “and he said he was quite well, better nor ever he was in his life, and that he didn’t want a doctor at all.”

“And didn’t they send for the doctor?” said Mr. Owens.

“No, indeed,” said Pat; “for his wife was dead, the creature, and there was none but the childer with him, and when he said he was quite well, they never thought the doctor was wanting at all.”

“And the doctor told me, two days after,” said Mr. Owens, “that that was just the case, he could have cured, only he never was sent for at all.”

“And what has that to do with me and the Bible, your reverence,” said Pat.

“Why just this,” said Mr. Owens, “that a man ought to know when he is sick and wants the doctor. Are there not many people that are mad about their souls, and don’t know that they want Jesus Christ, the great physician of souls, at all?”

“Well, that’s me, sure enough, your reverence,” said Pat. “I was mad that way long, long enough; and the more I wanted Jesus Christ, the more I didn’t know that I wanted him.”

“Well, that’s just what I mean,” said Mr. Owens. “If the Bible didn’t make you feel that you are a sinner, and that you want a Saviour, it would just be doing you no good at all.”

“Well, it’s done that for me, anyway,” said Pat. “But how will I be saved, if I’m a sinner? that’s just what I want to know.”

“Do you know Mr. Nulty?” said Mr. Owens.

“Well, I do,” said Pat, “and many’s the day I worked for him, and a good man he is.”

“Is he good to the beggars?” said Mr. Owens.

“Well, he’s mighty hard to them that chooses to live by begging, and won’t work at all,” said Pat, “but he’s the best man at all to them that works hard, and can’t do it. Don’t I know Pat Flaherty, that works harder than any man in the parish, and didn’t his cow die on him, and he hadn’t the rent, and wasn’t he processsed and decreed for it, and hadn’t the gripper a hold of him, to take him off to jail; and didn’t Mr. Nulty come for’ard in the court, and just lay down the money for him?”

“And did the gripper take him to jail then?” said Mr. Owens.

“How could he,” said Pat, “when the debt was paid for him?”

“Well, and if Jesus Christ should pay for your sins,” said Mr. Owens, “what have you to fear the gripper of souls?”

“Aye, and is that the way, your reverence,” said Pat; “well, I’m seeing it now, sure enough.”

“Don’t read half the Bible, Pat,” said Mr. Owens, “that’s a bad way, read it all; and if it makes you see that you are a sinner, and that you want a Saviour, it will make you see, too, that you have a Saviour, that is able and willing to save you. Just listen to this,” said Mr. Owens (and he turned to 1 Tim. i. 15, Donay Bible, and he read), “a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.”

“And who was that, that was chief of sinners?” said Pat.

“It was the great Apostle St. Paul himself, that said that of himself,” said Mr. Owens.

“And was he a great sinner?” said Pat.

"He calls himself 'chief of sinners,'" said Mr. Owens; "and look what he says here," said Mr. Owens, and he turned to Acts xxvi. 10, 11—"Many of the saints did I shut up in prison . . . and I punished them often in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme."

"And why did Jesus Christ take him for an apostle if he was that wicked?" said Jem.

"Read the next verse to what we read in the Epistle to Timothy," said Mr. Owens; and he handed the book to Jem (and a Douay Bible it was). So Jem read—"And for this cause have I obtained mercy; that in me first Christ Jesus might show forth all patience, for the information of them that shall believe in him until life everlasting."

"Well," said Pat, "that's good, for there's a pattern that he will save sinners."

"Listen to this," said Mr. Owens, and he read from the Gospel of St. John iii. 16, the words of Christ himself—"God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten son; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting." And then Mr. Owens went on—"Does not this show you that whatever is wanting to bring you to life everlasting, Jesus Christ is willing to do for you?"

"It does, your reverence, and I'd like to know, what he will do," said Pat.

"If you believe and trust in him," said Mr. Owens, "he will stand up for you at the great day, and say—'I have taken this man's sins upon myself, I have paid for all his sins; and his soul is mine, that I may save it for ever, and won't that do?'" said Mr. Owens.

"That's just what I want, your reverence, to make me happy," said Pat.

"Well," said Mr. Owens, "you have read your Bible to some purpose, to see that you want a Saviour; now read your Bible again, to see what that Saviour did for you, and you will find comfort for your soul."

So Pat went home with a hopeful mind that night, and we hope to hear more of his reading yet.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st. No anonymous letter can be attended to. Whatever is sent for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith.

We would request our valued correspondents, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, to limit the length of their communications, and not to discuss a variety of distinct topics in one letter.

Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

## The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, JULY, 1853.

WE feel it to be our bounden duty, from time to time, to give our readers satisfactory proof that they do right in reading our paper.

Our paper is an appeal to our fellow countrymen to consider, calmly and seriously, the questions which concern their souls and ours. Thousands have responded to our call, and do read our paper; and many Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, do promote our object, by their contributions to our pages.

We do not wish that they should read our discussions with an uneasy mind, uncertain whether they are doing right or not. We know that many are warned against reading the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, as if the very act of doing so were a sin. The warning rests upon such arguments as this—that they who have the truth, should never condescend to argue or discuss with those that have not; that it is like putting truth and falsehood on a level; that discussion always leads to error and not to truth, and therefore that Catholics should never argue or discuss religious matters with heretics.

There is another argument sometimes urged against discussion—that it excites angry and uncharitable feelings and passions. We are no way afraid of this charge been made against us; we leave it to our readers to say whether

we are liable to it. But the arguments above mentioned may cause some to read us with an uneasy conscience, and it is for them we now write.

They are not only told that Catholics should avoid all discussion with heretics, but they see this example now everywhere set by Roman Catholic priests. This was not always so; in our own day there have been "discussions," "Pope and Maguire," "the Downpatrick discussion," "Gregg and Maguire," and many others besides. But latterly the priests have shrunk from all discussion. It is not for want of being invited; their ablest men are now everywhere invited to discussion by the clergy of the Church of England and Ireland. Their travelling missionaries, LOCKHART and RINOLFI, Dr. CAHILL, Dr. MARSHALL, and various others, have been repeatedly invited to discussion of late, and everywhere they decline. It is clear that they are resolved not to venture into discussion again; and there seems to be much reason to think that the Pope and the Bishops have forbidden them to do so; and it is since they have adopted this new plan that we hear all the arguments to prove that it is wrong for "Catholics" to enter into any discussion with those whom they think in error.

Now, we think, two things are plain from this—1st, That they feel that discussion of their reasons and ours, will injure their cause, and advance ours; for, if they thought that discussion would serve their cause and injure ours, they would, no doubt, come forward to discuss with us. 2nd, Their reasons are only invented to serve a purpose, since, up to a few years ago, they never thought it wrong to enter into discussion.

Our object now is to show our readers that discussion and examination of the reasons on both sides, was never thought wrong by Catholics in ancient times, while the Church held fast to the faith contained in the Scriptures; but that, on the contrary, it was always the true Catholics who invited discussion and sought for it, and it was always those who were engaged in upholding error that cried out against discussion, and that said that they who had the truth should not discuss with those who had it not.

We have a striking instance in the conduct of one of the greatest, and best, and wisest of the Fathers (perhaps the greatest of them all), St. AUGUSTINE, in which he was joined by no less than 266 bishops of the Church of Africa.

No case could better serve to illustrate our discussions now; for the question in Africa then was, as it now is with us—"Which is the true Church?" Is it not interesting to us now to see how the Catholic Church in Africa, under the guidance of St. AUGUSTINE, dealt with such a question nearly 1,500 years ago? Is it not interesting to see whether Catholics then thought it right to discuss such a question with those who differed from them, and to see how they discussed it?

The facts were these: DONATUS had got himself ordained Bishop of Carthage, where CECILIAN was Bishop already, under pretence that CECILIAN had fallen off from the Catholic Church. Hence arose two rival communions, which soon spread over all Africa. In the province of Numidia the Donatists became more numerous than the Catholics.

The Donatists boasted that they only were the Church; they only had Bishops; they only had the truth. The Catholics made no such claim. They acknowledged the Donatists as brethren, though erring.

The Donatists scorned to discuss the question, "which was the true Church," with those whom they did not acknowledge to be a Church at all, just as the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland do now. The true Catholics continually invited the Donatists to discussion, and at last succeeded in forcing them to it.

We possess a report of the proceedings at this discussion. We quote it from the valuable collection of councils made by two French Jesuits, Labbé and Cossart, vol. ii., p. 1336, &c. Ed. Paris, 1672.

About 266 Catholic Bishops were engaged in it, and perhaps nearly as many Donatist Bishops. Fourteen managers were appointed on each side, St. AUGUSTINE being one of the fourteen for the Catholics.

The Donatists, when at last compelled, by the Emperor's order, to attend, did everything to make delay and difficulty, and to evade discussion. They said (cap. 4, p. 1419), that "they were forbidden by the divine law to sit down in the same place with their opponents;" while the Catholics were willing to sit down with them.

MARCELLINUS, the tribune and notary, who conducted the proceedings, proposed that each party should sign their name to a report of what they said, so that they might not be able to deny it afterwards (c. 13). St. AUGUSTINE answered that his party had already bound themselves in writing to do so (c. 14). The Donatists refused to do so (c. 16). We have seen such things at discussions in Ireland.

When the Donatists were driven to say something for themselves, it consisted wholly of bold and confident assertions, for which they gave no proof; such as this—, *We say that we are Bishops of the truth of our Lord Christ (c. 10).* To which the Catholics replied, "there is need to prove that they are Bishops of the truth, and not to boast of it" (c. 11).

The Catholics were equally anxious to avoid all excuses for delay. Thus, when the Donatists objected to their opponents assuming to themselves the name of Catholic, saying that the right to that name was in dispute between them, St. AUGUSTINE avoids using that word in the discussion, saying—"they object to the Catholic Church, or—that I may speak without controversy—the Church which we hold" (c. 226). Would any Roman Catholic priest go this far now to promote discussion?

We might illustrate our Irish controversies, in a variety of particulars, from this most interesting discussion at Carthage, but we must be brief. The following speech of St. AUGUSTINE shows the whole state of the case, and allows us to proceed to the great question, and how he dealt with it:—

"It was to the Catholic Bishops (*i.e.*, at their request) that the holding of this discussion was granted. The Emperor's decree proves this. We have both come; here we are; and God has commanded us to be disputers and discussers rather than goers to law; and the Emperor, who fears and serves God, wishes for nothing else. Let nothing be introduced which is not necessary to the business. . . . How long shall this so great expectation of the people be kept in suspense? All are thinking about their souls; and we are hitherto creating delays, that we should never come to the end of knowing the truth!"—c. 21.

But the manner in which St. AUGUSTINE and the Catholics dealt with the question itself is worthy of notice above all. From first to last they maintained and asserted, over and over again, that the question—"Which is the true Church?"—was to be settled by the Scriptures alone.

Thus FORTUNATIANUS, one of the Catholic managers, says to the Donatists:—"WE show the Catholic Church from the law (Moses), the prophets, the evangelists, the Psalms, and all the divine writings. . . . We bring forward the Gospel to show the Church with you."

And St. AUGUSTINE himself (c. 101)—"We hold that Church which we find in those Scriptures, in which we also have learned CHRIST. Forasmuch as our Scriptures, to the authority of